

THE PACIFIC
COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Tuesday, Sept. 9, 1884.

A CLERICAL SLANDERER.

These Islands are infested by a class of fossils who have lived here in early times, go away, and then return to be disgusted with everything about them. Of such an order is the Rev. E. G. Beckwith, now pastor of the third Congregational Church in San Francisco.

Mr. Beckwith was here twenty-five years ago, at that happy period when no blessed convert could go to church without a bonnet, and millinery and the gospel went hand in hand—that is, the lady converts were compelled to purchase their head-gear from their religious teachers. Those bonnets, retailed in Boston at 25 cents a piece, but \$2 was the price current here during the pious work of regeneration. However, this is a digression. Its apology is the fact that Mr. Beckwith taught here during this millinery period, and that we attribute his disgust to the smash-up of the Christian corner in bonnets.

This gentleman preached a sermon recently in San Francisco, a synopsis of which was published in the *Bulletin* of that city. He says: "The increased distribution of wages among the natives has hastened their ruin. They have more money than ever before. Being mere children, unfit to manage business, unable to save money, and easily led into temptation, their little wealth injures them more than it benefits. Honolulu is a moral perfect maelstrom to them. There the men go to earn the highest wages, and the young ladies to be 'introduced into society.' There they find the best opportunity to spend money, and the most luring temptations to vice. To these they yield. Few ever escape from Honolulu, and most of those who do, go away to die."

This is a nice piece of slander from the mouth of this pious gentleman. In return for the cordial reception he met here, he gives his San Francisco congregation the impression that Hawaii is going plumb to the bottomless pit. His allusion to the young ladies is simply scandalous; but this is only a small portion of the abuse and vituperation he showers upon these Islands. Again this reverend old Munchausen declares: "Twenty-five years ago there was a law absolutely prohibiting the sale of liquors to the natives. Now there is a license law. Twenty-five years ago Dr. Beckwith rarely saw a native under the influence of liquor. Now the streets of Honolulu reel with drunken natives. He saw on this visit in two weeks more drunkards than he saw before in eight years."

This is a downright lie. The streets of this city are remarkably free from drunken men, and this is the common remark of all visitors. Before the law prohibiting the sale of liquors to the natives was abolished, the Chinese acted as middlemen, and collected a regular commission from the natives for their services. There was just as much liquor consumed in these days, and a gentleman who has lived here for over thirty years, assures us that there were fifty drunken natives to be seen in the streets to one now. As a matter of course Mr. Beckwith did not dismiss his congregation without some hearty abuse of the King, accompanied by a garland of falsehood. We hope that the next time the reverend pilgrim comes to these shores, he will be severely snubbed. He has earned a snubbing, but it is possible that he has made up his mind to preserve his moral character by avoiding contact with his old pupils. And if an increase of drunkenness and immorality are all that his teaching brought forth, let us have a good sound orthodox Pagan apostle down here, and let him take a whack at this regeneration problem.

NO ISSUE.

We have tried hard lately to enthrone on the political campaign in the United States, and must confess that so far we have made a signal failure of our enthusiasm. The first issue, made in the early part of the fight was Protection and Free Trade,

and neither party could agree on that. Then after the Chicago nominations were made, the bitterest newspaper asps tried to sting the Presidential candidates by dirty, puerile and even boyish reflections on their private lives and their morality. To this heinous charge various newspapers reply in hypocritical adulation over their respective candidates, until we find the Philadelphia Press canonizing Blaine and the Indianapolis *Sentinel* beautifying Cleveland. Here is one specimen out of a dozen: "Mr. Blaine has lived in the full glare of publicity for twenty years, and no man ever heard any imputation against his personal purity. The whispers which have followed others have never touched him. His domestic life is singularly fragrant and beautiful, and a radiant family circle, with its honored and gracious motherhood and its bright and promising sons and daughters, surrounds him and bless his model home with just pride, not merely in its remarkable public career, but in its temperate and blameless life." This is all right in the heat of a Presidential campaign, but it is rather reversing the order of things to claim such a pile of purity for politicians. There seems to be no issue, nothing but a fight for the spoils—and the closest scrutiny of the present political contest fails to develop a single genuine cause for a tournament. The most active man in the field is our old and frequently disappointed friend Ben Butler, who is going about like a *leo rugiensis*—a roaring lion—seeking how many votes he can devour. The other candidates are apparently waiting peacefully to be sent to the wash, and crying "Amplius me lava."

It looks as if the present American campaign will be known in political history as the bolting campaign. In the history of American politics there has never been so much flopping from one side to the other. The only moral to be drawn from this is that there are no issues calculated to excite partisanship, and, hence, party lines are so loosely drawn as to make it a go-as-you-please campaign. However, when a man becomes dissatisfied with his party and thinks he could do better, he should go the whole hog, and go into the other party in full. We have a respect for a man who is courageous enough to boldly cease affiliation with his party, if he thinks its principles are wrong and its acts corrupt, and go over to the ranks of the opposition. But we have nothing but contempt for the whining, snivelling soreheads, who remain in their party only to try to pull it down, and are alternately weeping or threatening because the management of the party is not entrusted to their care. A political party should have no use for such traitors in the ranks and should drum them out of camp.

A PROOF of the high estimation in which this journal is held by the really pious portion of this community occurred yesterday. A good-natured carrier, bent upon scattering the good seed, cast an ADVERTISER at the door of an institution on Hotel street where learning and piety are combined. The rustle of the instructive sheet attracted the attention of a prominent officer of that organization. He saw the heading and shuddered, then he dived into the building and presently emerged with a cane on to which he had ingeniously lashed a nail. With half averted eyes he inserted the nail into the ADVERTISER, and moved it cautiously, and fortunately without accident, into the next lot. *Saturday Press, Hawaiian and Bulletin* please copy.

BOB INGERSOLL, the infidel orator, seems to be joining the royal army of cranks lately. He went up to Victoria, British Columbia, last month, and lectured on August 28th. Victoria is like Honolulu, a city of churches, and the people there, living harmoniously, dislike any attacks on Christianity. The police took charge of the doors, and under instructions tried to keep people from entering. A disgraceful melee ensued, but Ingersoll was finally successful and was received by his partisans with prolonged cheers, after which he presumably berated the Almighty for an hour and a half.

THERE was a nasty, unnecessary slur last night against a gentleman of this city in the *Bulletin*. He has been a resident of this city for some years. If the *Bulletin* persists in vulgar personality, we promise to teach it a lesson. It is not its business whether or not a gentleman is blackballed or accepted by any institution; but its wheezy, toothless little reporter seems to think that to chronicle private matters make a public journal.

THE *Hawaiian* flung itself into the vortex of the Portuguese immigration argument last evening. It is about the weightiest thing in logic we have seen for many a day, and its premises are strikingly foggy. As there is no attempt to discuss the arguments of this journal, we must wait for a clearer effort before dealing with our contemporary.

Y. M. C. A. News.

The algebra class met last Friday and was very well attended. Secretary C. S. Mason will lecture on Sept. 25th for the benefit of a piano for the Hall. His subject has not yet been given out. There was a young person's prayer meeting at Bethel Vestry last night and also a meeting of the Society of Christian Endeavor.

A Desperate Mongolian.

A Chinaman named Tam Look, who is said to have stolen a sewing machine at the Horn building bakery conflagration in October last, has been finally run to earth by Captain Mehrtens and Officers Akuna and Hang Sam. He ran, but being followed closely, shot once at the officers as they were about to arrest him, luckily missing them. He then gave up, and was captured with his revolver, and is now safely behind the bars.

Since writing the above we have been informed that Captain Mehrtens and the two officers did not actually make the capture, but that the Chinaman was seized by three natives named Kekua, Kimo and Kaipo, and that the pistol was recovered by a native woman named Naone.

The Steamer James Makee in trouble again.

It was only on the last trip of the James Makee that she grounded on the bar at Waialua, which necessitated her being hauled up on the Marine Railway to repair the damage sustained. She left again on her regular route on Saturday last and at six o'clock in the evening she grounded on the same spot that she had touched in the early part of the week. She remained on shore until 3 a.m. on Sunday, when she floated off at high water. The news was received in town by telephone, and it was rumored that she would probably become a total wreck, but as a proof that there could be no foundation for such a statement, the vessel proceeded on her voyage to Kauai.

One of Cook's schooners was wrecked on the same place a short time ago, and the James Makee has had two narrow escapes and extra precaution will have to be taken in future to prevent a similar catastrophe.

The Queen's Hospital.

The Board of Trustees of the Queen's Hospital met on Friday at 11 a.m. at the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce. Dr. Robert McKibbin, the medical officer of the Society, made the following report for the quarter ending August 31st:—

To the Trustees of the Queen's Hospital:—
Gentlemen,—I have the honor to submit the following report for the quarter ending August 31st:—

The total number of patients at present in the hospital is 70—41 Hawaiians, 23 males, 18 females, 8 Chinese, and 21 of other nationalities; 26 paying. Admitted during the quarter, 107; 48 Hawaiians, 30 males, 18 females, 14 Chinese, and 45 of other nationalities. Discharged, 92; 36 Hawaiians, 30 males and 6 females, 6 Chinese, and 40 of other nationalities. Deaths, 14; 2 Hawaiians, 1 male and 1 female, 5 Chinese, and 7 of other nationalities. The causes of death were as follows: Beriberi 3, dropsy 3, disease of liver 7, consumption 1, diarrhoea 1, hemorrhage 1, old age 1, peritonitis 1, tumor of brain 1. The highest number of indoor patients was 87; the lowest, 66; daily average, 77. The total number of patients treated in the hospital was as follows: June, 114; July, 120; August, 104.

Number of prescriptions, 2,387. Calls at the dispensary, 496.

Respectfully submitted,
ROBERT MCKIBBIN.

Honolulu, August 31, 1884.

Mr. John H. Paty, the Treasurer, stated that the funds at present in his hands amounted to \$3,005.88.

The Chinese Benevolent Society applied through their President for a share of the appropriation. It is now divided between five societies, viz: English, American, German, Strangers' Friend, and Chinese.

The following Visiting Committee was then appointed: Mark Robinson, Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, and W. C. Parke. The meeting adjourned at noon.

Astonished "Australian."

The Royal Hawaiian Band did not play at Emma Square on Saturday owing to the arrival of the S. S. Australia with an immense number of passengers. Mr. Berger with excellent judgment went down to the wharf, although it was too late to announce the change of base, and the Australians were perfectly delighted and astonished at their magnificent musical reception.

A Stethoscopic Joke.

A good joke is told on a local journalist here. Dr. Parker came into a newspaper office to make some enquiry. He was armed with one of those terrible double stethoscopes supplied with octopus like arms and a huge tube. The newspaper man immediately concluded that his visitor was deaf and commenced to yell at him as if he was talking through an ear trumpet. The mistake was easily rectified, but the doctor probably thinks that a newspaper man who does not know an ear trumpet from a stethoscope ought to be killed, and the journalist is perhaps wondering why the doctor carries such a complicated machine.

The Eclipse Crew.

When the El Dorado went on the Kakaako reef on Saturday evening, the four oared crew of the Eclipse boat club were out practicing. They saw that the vessel had grounded, and pulled alongside and asked if they could do anything. The captain said he had just given a letter to some natives in a boat, but he asked them to go after that boat and take the letter, which they did. They landed, and after some trouble succeeded in finding a responsible party in the person of Marshal Dayton, who comprehending the state of affairs went off with them accompanied by a *Gazette* reporter. The Eclipse boys pluckily made three trips to the vessel that night on business, for which the consignees of the El Dorado are duly grateful. The Eclipse is the youngest boat club here, and we are glad to be the first to record their grit. After the boys had made two trips the Myrtles also came to the rescue, for which they are entitled to great credit. A valuable ship and cargo came nearly being lost, although she should, as far as is known, have been boarded by pilots before sundown. We do not desire to do anyone an injustice, but if there is any excuse for one of our three pilots not having boarded the reef, our columns are open to them for self-vindication with perfect good will.

Reception to Remenyi.

A reception was given on Thursday evening in honor of Mr. Edouard Remenyi, the eminent violinist, at the residence of the Vice-Consul of Russia, John W. Pfugor, Esq. The Royal Hawaiian Band was in attendance and alternated its enlivening strains with those of the Remenyi party. Refreshments were served on the broad verandas, and the guests alternately enjoyed the music of the Maestro and his associates and that of the band. Mr. Remenyi, Miss Hattie Downing and Mr. Luckstone performed the following programme, Mr. Himmer being unfortunately prevented by indisposition from singing:

Elegie.....Ernst
Andalusian Dance and Love Duet.....Remenyi
Serenade of Schubert.....Remenyi
Mazurka—Chopin.....Remenyi
Valse—Chopin.....Mr. Luckstone
Chanson—Grieg.....Miss Downing
A Liberty Hymn.....
B. Marsellaise.....Remenyi
Nocturne, B flat—Chopin.....Mr. Luckstone
Mr. Remenyi states that this ovation is one more of the pleasures which he has experienced in Honolulu and a *festimento* which he will never forget. It is needless to say that the band played Remenyi's great Honolulu Rifles' march.

The Benefit Concert.

An immense crowd greeted the exquisite concert given by M. Remenyi and his party. The entire house was filled to its utmost capacity with a select and appreciative audience. Mr. Luckstone played Liszt's Rigoletto in a masterly manner, but it was unfamiliar to the audience, and not appreciated as it should have been. The piano, too, was a very poor one. Miss Downing's rendition of Bizet's charming scene Qu'el Contrabandier was sung in a somewhat labored manner, as if she too, like the rest of us, were suffering from the effects of this sultry weather. Mr. Rudolph Himmer had not recovered from his indisposition, but he attacked Beethoven's immortal "Adelaide" with all his strength. We should like to hear him sing it when he feels in the best of health. He was enthusiastically applauded, but did not respond. The first part of the Mendelssohn concerto is too serious to display Mr. Remenyi's powers to advantage except before an audience of Germans. Mr. Luckstone's piano solos were played with immense feeling and masterly ability. The rest of the programme was a succession of encores. Paganini could not have rendered his Capriccio better than Remenyi gave it. It was encored over and over again.

A Lion on Board.

The *Chronicle* of the 30th contains the following: The management of Woodward's Gardens have presented the Zoological Garden of Sydney, N. S. W., a five-year-old lion. The brute was reared at the gardens in this city, and is a fine specimen of the kind. He will go forward by the steamer sailing to-day. The two gardens have for some time been in the habit of interchanging courtesies. The gentleman was on board the Australia, in a cage over the pursers' cabin.

A Sad Return.

Mr. George Houghtaling returned yesterday from San Francisco. He must have been converted there; for he came back, as we are informed, with a black slouch hat, two hymn books and a coffin under each arm. He states that the cemeteries in San Francisco are perfect works of art, and that the morgue is admirably conducted. He has brought down the saddest looking hearse ever seen, which hitched to an ordinary horse like "Toby" can run a corpse out to Nuuanu cemetery in 3 min. 15 sec., for coin.

Legal Proceedings.

The following is the record of the proceedings of the Civil Court for September 4th:

Lewis & Co. vs. H. Swinton, assumpsit for \$14.20, no appearance for defendant. Judgment for plaintiff.

A. Hunt vs. Jergensen, continued from the 1st inst., replevin of chatties and damages \$50. Appealed to Intermediary Court.

Inter-Island Steam Navigation Co. vs. Kalawala, for deserting contract. Defendant ordered to return.

Mrs. M. J. Heeley vs. A. Macfie, Jr., Mr. Ashford for plaintiff, and Mr. Hatch for defendant, assumpsit for \$70. Judgment for plaintiff for \$26.85. Appealed to Intermediary Court.

A Large Return.

Mr. Jos. Tilden returned here yesterday. He has supervised the purchase of all the new furniture and improvements of the hotel, in the management of which he is now associated. The prospects are that with the combined gigantic intellects and frames of Mr. Geo. Fasset and Mr. Joe Tilden as a super-stratum and the ponderosity of Mr. Charles Dexter as a pepper-pot substratum that we shall have a hotel which will knock every caravansary in the world galley-west as it were.

The Alalaua.

If anyone knows any correct English name for this peculiar little fish they will confer a favor by sending the information to this office. It is probable that being a native of these waters it has never been classified. After a careful study of the little fellow, we believe we have placed him where he belongs. He is a species of gilt-head with a protruding lower jaw, the solitary dorsal fin, the unsplit tail, and the golden-colored space over the eyebrows, which marks all the family of the *Chrysopteryx aurata*, a fish which is an original native of the Mediterranean, and a first cousin to the gilt-head found on the British coast. He certainly belongs to the acanthopterygious order of fishes, for every fin is like the spines on a perch; but the perch has two dorsal fins, and a much smaller mouth, and is really no relative of the *Alalaua*, except by common descent from some antediluvian ancestor. The perch family, with its hundred varieties and more, is the antithesis of the *Cyprinidae* or carp family, the perch being as bold as the carp is sluggish. Allowing for very slight differences in formation, we are satisfied that the *Alalaua* is the gilt-head of these waters.

A Stranded Vessel.

On Saturday afternoon the American ship El Dorado, Captain H. J. Humphrey, arrived off the port from Newcastle, N. S. W. No pilot having boarded her before sundown, the captain was standing off and on, but unfortunately stood too close and grounded on the reef off Kakaako. Rockets and red lights were displayed in order to intimate that the vessel was in danger. Mr. J. W. Pfugor and Deputy Marshal Dayton took immediate steps to ascertain what had happened. The S. S. Kapiolani was soon got in readiness and proceeded towards the stranded vessel. The tug Pele was also got in readiness after a narrow escape of being blown to atoms through the negligence or want of knowledge on the part of a native fireman. It was nearly midnight before the Pele was ready to start. Fortunately there was little or no swell on at the time and the vessel did not bump heavily. After two hours hard towing she glided off her perilous position and was towed into the harbor. The El Dorado is leaking but her pumps are sufficient to keep her free. She brings 1,634 tons of coal to the consignment of Messrs. W. G. Irwin & Co. Mr. Irwin hearing of the catastrophe came in from his Waikiki residence at midnight and rendered all the assistance to Captain Humphreys that he possibly could.

The El Dorado is a full-rigged ship (wooden) of 1139 tons burden, is 19 years old, and was built at Maine.